

A Short Cut to Health

If you want to enjoy vigorous health take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are a veritable short cut to lasting and perfect health.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helena, England. Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

POPULAR SONGS WITH REMARKABLE HISTORIES.

When and Under What Peculiar Conditions They Were Written.

It is well known that the famous song "Derby and Port" was written by the author, who, following the advice of a doctor, took a course of treatment which was of great benefit to him.

The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life. The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

ATHLETICS RUIN MEN.

President James Says Stars Are Failures.

President E. J. James, of the University of Illinois, after five years' careful investigation, says that the severe strain undergone by college athletes, largely unites them for business or professional life, leaving them unable to play a man's part in affairs because of physical weakness induced by over exertion.

These statistics will not be regarded as official by the university, but President James' statement will undoubtedly cause much discussion to the men who play the college games and who are the stars of the university.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

'DEAD' MAN'S DERBY

"You're mad!" said Dr. Blackman roughly.

His distinguished patient stirred among his rugs. He was sitting in a big armchair near a roaring fire, though it was a day of blazing sunshine, near the end of May, wrapped in many coverings of eiderdown and fur—an old, old man.

"I've never missed the Derby for sixty years," returned the patient, in a thin but decided voice. "I'm going to see Erchus run. I tell you—yes, and beat the Frenchman, too! Only one French horse has ever won the Derby, though they've tried more than once."

His voice trailed away into unintelligible murmurs, and his chin dropped on his breast—an old, old man, with a yellow, parchment face, and a bald, yellow pate, that shone in the firelight.

Harvey Blackman stood looking down at the Earl of Whittlesea with folded arms and a thoughtful frown. The doctor knew the autocratic temper of his distinguished patient. To oppose his will might possibly do more harm than to let the imperious old nobleman have his way. Yet the doctor could not disguise from himself the fact that the earl's condition was grave—especially in view of his great age.

Twice or thrice in the preceding month had he had epileptic seizures, lying in one dead for a period. But as these crises were, they were not a little alarming, and Blackman had refrained from mentioning them to the family.

By some chance they had occurred when the earl was alone with his medical attendant.

As a rule, Blackman, a doctor of forty years, was a calm, steady, and unflinching man, but on this occasion he was a little out of his usual stride.

"You'll stay to lunch, or to dinner," Blackman said, looking at the earl. "I'll be glad to see you. I'll be glad to see you. I'll be glad to see you."

The earl, who had been sitting in a big armchair near a roaring fire, though it was a day of blazing sunshine, near the end of May, wrapped in many coverings of eiderdown and fur—an old, old man.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

The author, who has been through many hardships, is now enjoying a peaceful life. The old folks at home, who have been through many hardships, are now enjoying a peaceful life.

Portsmouth met her, and straightway desired her for his wife. His father, with a perversity not infrequent in elderly gentlemen, did not see the thing in the same light. Revellings and threats were met by angry, white-lipped defiance, and a runaway marriage closed the first act of the tragic farce. Hertsea had always been his father's favorite son, and it was with a sort of grim satisfaction that the earl altered his will. Everything that was not strictly entailed was left to his second son; and that meant a considerable fortune, for the earl was a wealthy peer.

Everybody was sorry for Portsmouth and his gentle wife, but Lord Whittlesea held on his way in a stubborn manner usual in elderly men who are also peers of the realm and the Hon. Arthur Hertsea gambled more fiercely than ever in honor of his improved prospects. This was the position of affairs at the approach of Derby Day, 1904.

In spite of Dr. Blackman's words to the Hon. Arthur Hertsea, his patient did go to the Derby, and did not die on the road. Like a waxen figure the old man sat in his carriage, swathed in rugs, his scanty, white hair straggling from under the brim of a costly tall hat, the only living thing about him being his deep-set, twinkling eyes. His second son hovered about him, gnawing the ends of his moustache with dreadful anxiety, and trembling every time the earl drooped his eyelids.

"This is getting on my nerves," he confessed to his friend Captain Brookings. "I don't even go away to get a drink."

The captain, a tall man, with aquiline features, and a projecting chin, his frock-coat gay with a buttonhole of geraniums and maiden-hair, shook his head sympathetically. "I breathe easier for one when the 'All right' is called out," he admitted. "For both these ghouls a large sum of money depended on the earl's being so obliging as not to die after the race. Lord Portsmouth and his wife had passed the carriage on the top of a friend's drag, and had been to the friends, who cut their socialistic teeth on the occasion."

Arthur was a hot favorite, and, his accidents, seemed a certainty for the time being. His French horse, named Chota, was reported to have stood the voyage across the Channel very well, and the odds of Lord Whittlesea's colt being the winner were not high.

"The accident," muttered the captain, between his teeth, as he looked over the motley scene in the grandstand. "All right, dad," he called in a voice that was meant to be heard.

"Thank you, Arthur, my dear," said the earl feebly. And his faithful son felt back from the vehicle with a deep sigh of relief.

But even as the old man spoke his horse dropped on his breast. Around him the vast Epsom crowd reared and roared. The numbers were going up for the big race, in a few minutes the Derby would be lost and won.

"Brooking, come here quick! I don't like the look at all!" cried the earl. Arthur, his voice rattling in his throat, hurried to him.

The captain bent over the still figure in the carriage, looked at the earl, and looked into the staring eyes. He lifted to his friend a face as colorless as that of the earl.

"It's all over," he said simply. "We're beat."

Across the motionless figure the two stared lividly at each other. They were both as pale as paper, and as the long line of glittering silk jackets swept forward amid a thunder of hoofs, the race for the Derby began.

"We're not beat yet!" hissed Hertsea savagely, the sweat shining on his forehead. "Help me—quick!"

They hustled up the earl's body into a natural posture as possible, propped with rugs and cushions from behind. Clambering into the carriage, Hertsea stood up, with his glasses at his eyes, one hand upon his father's shoulder. He thus helped to support the body in the desired position. Brookings stood on the steps in a crouching attitude.

"Erebus! Erebus! The favorite wins!" yelled the crowd. The judge's verdict coincided with the popular one, and, with a mighty cheer, thousands of hats flew sky-high. In view of his great age and infirmities, it was not expected that the earl would survive the journey, but he did.

As for the two secondaries in the carriage, their one idea was to get back to town with their immediate charges. After the race, Sylvia had passed on foot, attended by two or three men, and had been placed in a carriage. The carriage was driven towards the carriage. The carriage was driven towards the carriage.



Dirty woodwork or any other part of the house that requires cleaning can best be cleaned by using

SUNLIGHT SOAP

It will remove every particle of dirt and make the whole house bright and cheery. Absolutely pure, and every bar possesses remarkable cleansing power.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR. Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

SEEKS A VAST FORTUNE

MRS. CAMPBELL CLAIMS HALF OF QUEBEC CITY.

Twenty Million Dollar Estate Escheated by British Government.

Seeking to establish her claim to a \$20,000,000 estate escheated for three generations by the British Government in 1760, which includes a tract a mile and a half long and a mile wide through the heart of the city of Quebec, and eight acres of the famous Plains of Abraham, Mrs. Campbell, an assistant superintendent of schools in Brooklyn, N. Y., has engaged counsel to push her case in the Dominion and British courts, says the New York Herald.

Recently she received from Lord Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, a reply to a letter she addressed to King Edward, which states that Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, is able to advise his Majesty to take no other action than to suggest that Mrs. Campbell take her claim to the courts.

REFUSED THEIR REQUEST. In 1887 the Privy Council refused a joint application from representatives of the Catholic church, the Church of England and the citizens of Quebec, asking that £30,000, held by the British Government and collected as rentals upon this property, should be equally divided between the two churches in Quebec.

The Privy Council, with the assent of Queen Victoria, decided that the heir would in time appear, and that the property and its usufruct from the time the decree to escheat terminated in 1865, belonged to the heirs of Louis Joseph Lambert, who gave largely of his vast fortune to the French in the French and Indian war. When the English conquered he was deprived of his estates and those of his wife, the Demoiselle de Villars, who inherited 108 acres in Quebec city from her father.

"Where have you been for forty years, Mrs. Campbell?" said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Mrs. Campbell visited him two years ago. "I know every member of your family and their history, and you are the only missing member." Sir Wilfrid, through his wife, was a collateral claimant to the Lambert estate.

FOUND DOCUMENTS. The energetic efforts of Mrs. Campbell, only child of the late Leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. J. Campbell, have resulted only in finding many documents which Montreal and Quebec lawyers told her did not exist or had been lost.

Mrs. Campbell's father, Leader of the Opposition, was the eldest son of Augustus Lambert, of Quebec, who removed to Troy about 1850 and died there in 1865. Leader had married, and one child, Mrs. Campbell, was born before the young father went to St. Louis on business in 1855 and fell a victim to the cholera epidemic which swept over that city.

The estate is estimated to be worth at least \$20,000,000, but Mrs. Campbell would not come into actual possession of this. It is entailed under the British law, she says, and she would have only a life interest, with the right, however, to mortgage the properties.

CHARMING THE ANTS. The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chantidhar was a tiny night-watchman employed by Cornelia Soabhi because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening, and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were showing, the mistress of the house would say to her: "Chota Chantidhar, you are a very good gardener, and you are a very good night-watchman. You are a very good man, and you are a very good servant."

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.